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THE NATURE OF LANDSCAPE

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The Nature of Landscape

WILLIAM KEITH
Twilight

The Nature of Landscape

BY

SAMUEL LATTA KINGAN

"Beyond the methods of painting there lies the wider problem of the real expression of art."

SIR ALFRED EAST

PRIVATELY PRINTED

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TO THE

LANDSCAPE ARTISTS OF AMERICA

BY THEIR SINCERE ADMIRER

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NOTE. I do not pretend to have settled the principles of landscape; much less do I offer this essay, fragmentary as it is, and anything but complete, as a presentation of the subject. I have attempted merely to set forth some of the elements which have appealed to me as being foundational, and always indispensable, and this too, quite without regard to the singularities of composition, or manner of publication. If there be little here however of a one and unerring formula, and nothing at all of craftsmanship, there is something, I hope, (especially for so inconsiderable a production) of the real body and character of the art, and of ends worthy to be achieved.

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The plates are from paintings in the writer's collection.

THE NATURE OF LANDSCAPE

I

FEELING, FANCY AND SPIRIT

I would have you detach yourself from the world, conceive of it without you and your kind, and from some far place, look down into the vast.

Only the physical lies before you, the material, the substantial. Earth rolls in her course. The land is solid and fixed, the sea liquid and never still, air sweeps in tempests, or is quiet, and the light streams down. Observe more closely. The waters of the seas heave and swell, and then lie smooth. Black clouds hang over them, white mists trail and bulge, and boundless stretches blaze back at the sun. All of the seven seas are before you, lashed by storm, or at peace. From frozen north to frozen south, it is the same. The land looms up, rocks, cliffs, strands, hills, valleys, plains, mountains, forests, morasses, rivers and lakes. And over them are the stars and the moon and the sun, and around and about them blows the wind. Observe more closely still. In the heavens above the sea hangs the rainbow with its colors. Light

strikes the clouds, and the blackness bursts into splendor. Breakers roll on yellow shores. In the forests, the light filters down, swims in long, dim glades, and glimmers on stream and pool. Level spaces sweep to the sky, and lakes lie deep among the hills. There are valleys girt with mountains, blue and violet and mauve, and rivers tumbling over precipices. There is the sunrise and the sunset, on ocean, plain and mountain, and there is the night. And, if you look yet again, you will see what we have called the changes of the seasons, winter and summer, autumn and spring.

Such is nature, this visible world. You have seen all of her. There is no heart buried in her granite hills, no mood lying in her valleys, no soul on her mountain tops. She is real and palpable. The island is as sentient as the river, the wave as the cloud, the air as the light.

But if all be wholly physical, and the impress of the bigness of mountains, the roar of winds, the greens of meadows, and the sumptuousness of autumnal woods, be upon our physical selves, that is to say, upon nature herself, so that the material is stamped upon the ma-

terial, yet it does not follow, that our contact, even in the most primary way, is altogether physical. If in a larger sense we are not a part of nature, up to our subtlest thought, differing, but co-ordinate in the scheme, if we are not another bloom in her inexhaustible garden, but are in reality of diviner essence, still the kinship is so close as to render complete separation forever impossible. When we behold form and color, although they know us not, and are of themselves of the earth, and reach us only through our corporeal frames, we catch at the same instant, with our emotional and intellectual eyes, those deep significances, which cannot be other, or different from, ourselves.

When, in the days we now call primitive, men imitated an object, it was not a tree, nor a hill, nor a cloud. This was not because of lack of observation, nor yet of understanding altogether, but for the reason in large part, that nature was considered as a habitation, rather than as belonging to the occupants themselves. Forests, waters, and mountains were peopled with creatures similar to man, but even then, in the very midst of nature, her availibility for expression was not recognized---save perhaps

by those inspired poets who from the beginning appear to have divined the true relationship---and it was generally thought, that no form other than the human could express man. It was a natural halting place, and like many another, long tarried at.

That art which makes nature, her multitudinous aspects and changing apparitions, an only end, is universally inferior, if indeed, it be art at all. It is not sufficient that art should expose the appearance of man, or of his implements, or surroundings; it must be of him. A landscape is hardly given the human touch by inserting a plow, a horse, or a house. Trees, water and light, and all the hosts of nature, have art value, only when there is cast upon them, and seemingly into them, some quality of man's own, some insignia of relationship. Not that nature should be humanized; than this, nothing could be more subversive or disastrous. Emotions, as in truth they are, and in full individuality, are imposed upon and mingled with the elements of nature, as in truth they are, and shorn of no single appurtenance, in order that man may find yet another voice, yet another and wider range.

The contemptuous attitude of many great

minds towards painting is easily understood. Pictures have been classed as extraordinary, chiefly because of flesh tints, sheen of silk, the light on a haystack, some startling verisimilitude. If this be true, inevitably painters are imitators, transcribers of the real into the appearance of the real. Such was Hazlitt's theory. How can such an art cope with poetry or music? Where are those passions that shake the soul, those fancies and moods that charm and soothe, those far and lofty flights with the gods? Men have small use for imitators and transcribers. Had those who caviled understood the true object of painting, their contempt would have given way to delight and laudation.

The arts of painting, literature and music differ so radically in their first sensuous impress, that some appear to be of the opinion that they are expressive of different substances. As there is but one man, and one set of emotions, and as every art must spring from this common source, it is difficult to conceive of the arts, except as manifestations, each in its particular way, of the same general thing. The greater adaptability of certain mediums to the expression of certain emo-

tions, relates to manner and method of utterance, rather than to the nature of the utterance, and happens within the confines of each art, as well as between the arts themselves. There is but one common font at which the whole world drinks. When poet, housed and sequestered, or free in June meadows, tells his tale, the wings that lift and emancipate, are not the forms of his verse, the cities, the plains, the hills, nor the valleys, not even the men and women, of his fancy. It is the feeling and the spirit of a mighty soul. The musician too, in pouring forth those sounds that reach deep into the dark wells of the hearts of men, relies, not on the contrivances of his craft, not the trappings, the scenes of Seigfried and of Faust, but upon emotion flowing like a river. The painter is not a mere depicter of the shell. His feet are swift as the poet's; he goes as far afield. He also hears the harmonies that fill the air. He spreads on canvas, not that which others have told in words or breathed in sounds, for to them is their art, but the same feeling, fancy and spirit, in different, and it may be, in less or more befitting guise. All give the means; you must see for yourself. If you

LEONARD OCHTMAN
Fall of the Leaf

cannot see, there is no Hamlet, no Supper at Emmaus, no forlorn Margarita.

It is common usage to say, that the landscape painter is an interpreter and translator of nature, a sort of gifted intermediary, whose office it is to exhibit the doings of river, wood and hill, and if not to obliterate himself, at least to remain unseen. In the sense that the painter makes known existing facts in nature which were hidden before, or reveals our closer affinity with nature, he is an interpreter, somewhat as the naturalist, the scientist, and the inventor. But it is not the purpose of art to disseminate a knowledge of facts. The painter of figure is not concerned with anatomy as such; he is not a chemist, nor a surgeon. He paints passions, not bodies. It is for the landscape painter, not merely to render nature with whatever intimacy and power he may attain, but above all else, to depict and expose, to interpret and translate man. If, in the execution, nature's so-called moods, and the real moods and emotions of men, appear as blended into a whole, it will be in the main, because the dominant human elements have found adequate vesture, and not because nature has found utterance through human agency.

In all of nature there is not a landscape, but what an endless quantity and variety of scenery! The difference between scenery and landscape, I take it, is this: Scenery is the real and actual appearance of some part of the physical world, a forest, a plain, a reach of water, or the sky. It is nature's exhibit, her outward blazonry, and no whit different from the muck on the floor of seas, and the rock supporting a continent. Landscape upon the other hand, is the representation of an emotion, and stems in man. A scene faithfully painted is a statement of fact; a landscape has no counterpart in fact, but is a creation, designed and constructed to convey the intangible. There is the difference between an accurate description of the reality, and

> "We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

Let no one suppose that I am attempting to belittle nature. That were occupation for a fool. What I would emphasize is, that nature, always, everywhere, is physical; that art, always, whatever its form, and however closely knit into the material, partakes of

mentality, and is valuable only to the extent of the artist's power and vision.

It cannot be said that most men are impressed with or by nature save in a material way, and pretty much in the same manner as other animals; yet an oak, magnificent in reach and verdure, a plain rolling to the verge, a cloud on a mountain side, a little blue flower in the shade of a dell, will call from many of them, some kind of a response. It is this answer, this awakening, however feeble, that gives wherewithall to hang an art. The painter avails himself of oak, or plain, or cloud, or flower, not to reproduce it, and thus arouse the same sentiment as the original, diminished as in the nature of things it must be, but that he may, having some foundation, and avenue of communication, burgeon out with strength and beauty the primary emotion. It is for him, through knowledge, and by labor, and the use of those faculties by right of which he may be called artist, to clothe the emotion anew, to divine the form and the color that will best display it, to imbue fact with fancy, sounds with symphony, light and air and soil, with joy, or peace, or hope, or serenity, the final and supreme qual-

ities. Thus the visible and familiar may be made to carry the invisible and not always familar; the scene be transmuted into landscape.

Nor is landscape, as has been indicated, confined to color and line. The very feel of a noble and powerful picture may be conveyed by words or music. Pictoric form is not of the essence, but only one of the methods of expression. If we may conceive of an artist ambidextrous with pen, brush, and musical instrument, the mood produced by writing, picture or melody, of the same subject, would be similar. Consider this familiar passage:

"Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow and carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its

motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep; scattered blocks of black stone, four-square, remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull purple poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests, like a dying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Appennines. From the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners, passing from a nation's grave."

I am not so certain that our progenitors, those very early men, for all their ignorance, lack of subjectiveness, and helplessness with the abstract, and those too, whom we now call the ancients, did not have, in some respects, a truer conception of nature, than we of today. Many of us like the show of her,

the delicateness and the softness. We fall into raptures over fields of flowers, brooks, birds, tree-forms, and that sort of thing; but the power, often malign and terrible, the deep elemental forces, the gaunt, the haggard and foreboding, seem to impress us lightly. We are not to forget that the great gods of heathendom, with sway over earth, had their origin whatever their attributes in later days, in man's attempt to escape from and survive the thing; that waters have ever devastated and destroyed, winds crushed and destroyed, heat and cold blasted and destroyed, volcanoes spewed over plains, earthquakes rended and destroyed; that man crouched and was afraid, when the physical, like some great ogre, pounced on him; that he could not match strength with strength, toss mountains into sea, or swallow rivers at a gulp; that in the power of the thing, he as a thing was puny and grotesque, and that, whether driven from Eden mature and lusty, or evolved from slime into form and stature, earth has been bitter in his mouth, and he has run his race in fear and trembling.

Of those impenetrable ages lying beyond the edge of time, at least we know, that na-

ture then and now is the same, that everything that has been, everlastingly is. From the time the stars were hung in the heavens, and the flames of the sun first kindled, there has been no deviation, even though oceans have dried up, and worlds have shrivelled and died. Ceaselessly image changes to image, but there is not one less nor one more atom in the universe today than in the beginning, and atoms to start with, they are atoms still. Nature began with rocks, and water and trees and air and light, or the things that compose them, and she will end with them, or the things that compose them. Time was old when men learned, that beyond the fangs, the face was not always malevolent. Before their startled eyes must have loomed continually their inexorable fate---not the kindly fate of the flower or tree, slowly sinking back into the loam, but the fate of the smitten, the crushed, the overwhelmed, and also of the lacerated, the disemboweled, and devoured. For men were cruel as nature, and following her teaching, fed upon themselves. No sunset then, no rainbow pulsing in the blue, no night of stars or flushing dawn, awoke delight in their fierce and sombre hearts.

One who has not pushed into far wildernesses, who has not lost himself in the depths of great forests, who has not clambered over mountains and felt their roughness, and fallen headlong to stop at a precipice; who has not felt the waters of ocean close over his head, or the bruise of breakers on the rocks; who has not crawled over desert sands and felt his very blood dry up; who has not seen the lightning strike before him and the tall pine shattered into fragments, or seen the hurricane smash its way; who has not been carried by racing stream to cataract or whirpool; who has not felt the wring of nature at his throat, can have but a dim conception of man's struggle. Consider also his nakedness, his vulnerability, the little thrust that spills his blood, the little blow that stops his breathing.

We, on the hither side of things, look back, and vaguely remember. We behold the falling night, and high on a slope, the cliff that sheltered us; we remember looking over the waste to the far black ranges against the sky, and the terrors of closing darkness; we remember the deep tangled forests, and how we wandered there, and fought with the beasts, and the tempests that rocked the

GARDNER SYMONS
Snow, Ice and Light

earth, and how we scurried into hollow trees, or under some bank, or into a den, and huddled together; we remember the shoreless swamps, and the creatures there, and how they swooped upon us from out of the sky and seized us unawares; we remember the rivers grown up with trees like grass, and the brutes they harbored, and how they dragged us down and away; we remember the endless rains, the gloomy swollen skies, and the hunger, and we remember the sea reaching out to suck us back. And the nights of fire and flame, when the earth fell away, and mountains toppled into valleys, we remember them; and the long, long time of ice and snow, with its numbing misery, we remember that. And we remember a later day, when it was warm, and dappled over with sunlight, we lay stretched under trees, and the delight of it; and of other times, when the silvery mists of morning made us smile, or the rich glow of sunset caught our eye and charmed us, or the moon soothed and quieted us, or the wide rippling savannahs seemed to lift us, and the winds brought us melodies. He who would understand, must forever sleep on the earth, forever hear the winds sough in the

trees, forever see the young moon curve beyond the hills, forever remember the past and the meaning of it, regardless of the palace he dwells in, and the fine raiment on his back.

Often on some high and airy place, I have watched the gray clouds, rampart upon rampart, streamers and banners, driven by the tempestuous winds of the mountains; and often I have lain under a mesquite tree and looked through the thin, trembling leaves, at the low-hung stars of the desert night. And I have closed my eyes, and with lids tight looked again, and beheld other sights my eyes had never told me of.

Land, Sea and Sky! Beholding them we are lost in adoration; feeling them we are bowed with reverence. Fortunate in time, we have escaped in part the bondage of our forbears, and look forth with the gladness of freedom. Gold of sun on mountain side, sweep of far gray waters, sky blue from rim to rim, or worked with star and cloud, how amazingly wonderful! Gloriously are we set in the bosom of this world. The filthy Hottentot, grovelling in wood or desert, can he behold the Acropolian hill or Zeus in Olympus? With every babe is born a world different from all

other worlds, and to no mortal is it given to gaze beyond the horizon of his own soul. The most beautiful spirit, will have the most beautiful of worlds.

Narrow indeed is the path we tread. Continents rear their crests, and swing their encompassing shores; islands loom in tropic and snow; oceans roll everywhere; suns, moons and stars are as dust for numbers. To roam for a century, were to gather knowledge of the actual all, as a pin point in night's immeasurable dome. Our sight is pale, our vision short, we grasp but a twig of the tree.

He who would see nature with truth of fact, her absolutism, who would see the thing, and not the result or effect of the thing upon himself, nor the connecting tie, must cast away his heart and soul, and sink to a cold intelligence. No man can quite do this, however vapid his temperament, or overwhelming his mentality; but there are those who, with yardstick and scales, measure the lights of day and night, and all the shifting scenes, weigh the pearly clouds, and the throbbing colors, set all down precisely in book or on canvas, and call their work complete. He who would see nature with truth of spirit, wide

must he fling the reins of his passions. Above all he must love earth, or what appears to him to be earth, with all his heart and all his soul. I speak of love of mountains, of forests, of deserts, of rivers, of the sea, of the sky, of a love melting and absorbing. He must live the dawn, live the white noon, live sunset and moonrise, live autumn in the hills and springtime in the valleys, he must make them essence of his essence, core of his core. Without this basal, ultimate and superlative power, the power to envelope, we might almost say permeate, matter with emotion, landscape is impossible.

Of perishable things, the firm and defined are most perishable, and only the seemingly formless endures. Heights are washed and blown into valleys, rivers change their course, plains are heaved into precipices, forests wither up. But the air remains, and heat and cold and light, formless and immutable. Of man and his works, only his ideas and emotions, comparatively void of shape and substance, have perpetuity. Shall art ape the perishable, as an end and consummation, smirk over a painted tree, or a painted nude, or shall it mount the rarer altitudes, and breathe forth the everlasting? Like some lorn

creature in a wood, we are enmeshed and entangled in form. From cradle to grave we blunder through the maze, form jostling form, only to sink into the pit. Saddest of all, we sometimes elevate the thing that has befuddled us, and worship as Israelites of old their calf. Strange would it be, if the spirit of man, radiant and boundless, should be content with curve or angle of line, or satisfied with any combination of lines. It is not true. Nobler art always has been, and always will be concerned, as the ultimate attainment, with the formless, ever-living elements. As with stones, you may build a temple of form, but the deity of that temple, without which it were never built, will be formless.

But we see the intangible only through the tangible, the invisible only by means of the visible. Without the real there can be no imagination, and our vision of the real, not merely colors, but enters the structure of the imaginative. We must begin at the beginning, and that is the common ground of form, known to men. Although we see differently as individuals, as nations and races we see much alike. This common vision of the physical, the more or less general view of things, is the

foundation of art. Fresh and new visions concerning old things, do not in anywise change the old things themselves. Classic trees and Greek marbles, have not changed mankind's conception of trees, or the human form, however much they may have added to ideality and esthetic pleasure. The common conception will always prevail, the dead level of fact, known and accepted, and it is not art's business to change it, but to adopt it as a base. Every work of art partakes of the commonplace, has in it some constituents known to most men. Not only is this the case with material objects, but with the emotions as well. Artists do not deal with a world, either of fact or fancy, different from the world of other men. It is this world they see, man's universal passions that stir them. They are men among men; not foreign creatures strangely endowed. They may see more clearly, but not different things, they may feel more deeply, but not different passions, they may speak more appealingly, but not a different language.

The temples of Egypt, the Parthenon, the Duomo of Milan, the Psalms of David, the Gioconda, Hamlet and Don Quixote, are one

and all, but arrangements and re-arrangements of the frequent and familiar, effects moulded and evolved out of the known and understood. Obviously, the position of a thing in relation to the position of other things, before, behind and around it, makes or mars not only it but the whole. The place of the ordinary may make it extraordinary. The granite of mountain pinnacles is not different from the granite of valleys, but it startles by its loftiness; and many a line and many a stroke, owe their greatness to place alone. Cluster of words of Milton or Keats, constellation of notes of Chopin or Beethoven, groupings of form and assemblings of color of Inness or Turner, what are they all, but the marshalling of the known, schemes, designs and patterns of the common, blazoned out anew? The ideas expressed by means of art, are vastly different from art itself, although confusedly we call them by that name. The arts are only handmaidens, running hither and yon, but the queen who rules sits in her power. Should we give the word the larger significance, and as comprehending idea as well as expression, still the rule holds good, for never has artistic con-

ception illumined the mind, that was not composed and arranged out of the universal passions. Even he, the topmost dramatic figure of the world, but held up men, that they might behold themselves.

The approach to the external world, rutted deep by millions of feet, would seem easy enough to any but the blind; but paradox of paradoxes, where the simple and unlearned go straight to the goal, the skillful and proficient often stumble and fall. A curse of the artistic is the inability to grasp the real, as if art were some dilettante, afraid or ashamed to thrust hands into wholesome mud of reality. No artist distorts fact. He looks with a sane and normal eye, with desire to see the thing as it is, to realize and know it, make it essentially his. Although he have the imagination of a god, he will lock fast the starry vault, and hand in hand with his comrades, walk the beaten, dusty way. Well he knows, that he must see as they see, before they can see as he does. And in his vision, when like a dawn he spreads it forth, however lit and brilliant, however vivified and astir with soul it may be, things of earth will still be earthy, men will be men, and rocks rocks.

BEN FOSTER
October Morning

Ben Foster

October Morning

Nor should the vision of the actual be concerned alone with those aspects of nature which please us most. Nature is a whole, an indissoluble unit. He who would have some glimpse and sense of her, who would swing out of his orbit into hers, who would be in accord and at one with her, must crawl into her dark and noisome caves, bathe in the very slime of her, as well as bask in the sun, or revel under the moon. Nor is that vision of the delicate or gossamer, of mist on mountain side, of slanting light on far flung field, of opalescent glint of wave, of any higher or different order, than the vision of the rough and harsh, a rocky isle, a dead tree, or a festering swamp. How absurd, to attribute the spiritual to water in a cloud, and deny it to the muddy pool in the highway.

To see form and color, texture and bulk, height and depth, distance and perspective, atmosphere and light, to grasp somewhat of them, is but the primary step, the alphabet of landscape. Earth divorced of man, resplendent in sun or swooned in night, is naught but a mass in the void. No rhapsodizing can place in nature's nostrils any breath but her own, no sentimentalizing can give her qualities

other than the fixed and solid attributes of matter. What would they have, they who demand that landscape should have none of man, none of his personality, that it should be wholly nature? Would they have feeling, where in nature will they find it? Would they have imagination, where in nature does it dwell? Would they have spirit, where in nature does it spread its glistening wings?

Man, having wandered in the forests and over the plains, having seen the stars go their ways, and the tides roll up and back, having felt the winds stir around him, and drenched himself in the sun, having sensed the colors of day and night and searched out the dim, misty places, finds awakening in him a profound passion for the scene of his pilgrimage. He hails the rising sun with upthrown arms and a shout of joy, he dallies in brooks and laughs with them, he lies under trees and communes with the leaves, he rolls in meadows, he would embrace the light of noon, mountains are his familiars, and the sea is his brother. Marvelous transformation! A soaring and effulgent soul, encarnadines a world. He sees generously, broadly, with a swooping wholeness, and with a richness and

warmth beyond all calculation. He gathers the stars with the ease of apples on trees, and when he lies down on mountain slope, or in hidden valley, his upturned gaze captures the infinite. Quickened and enraptured, he beholds anew. From the springboard of fact, he leaps into the midair of fancy.

Contentment with nature were the death of art. In such a case, the sovereign power, instead of a brightness to worship and to wonder at, would never mount its throne. No significant art has been created in the presence of, or under the direct influence of nature. To create, requires an isolation, a separation and a detachment, from the material worked with. The market inn is an excellent place to meet friends, and pass the time of day, and so is a battlefield, if you would see blood spurt and legs carried off by cannon; but if it be a comedy of ale and humor and small talk, or a battle hymn, you would have, then the closet must bring it forth. How arose the belief that the dramatist, who burrows deepest in men's natures, and the poet, who walks the furtherest promontories of knowledge, must hide themselves away, far from men and sounds and scenes of earth,

to dramatize or poetize or compose; but that the painter must be always within sight or touch of his subject? Is it more difficult to paint a tree than a soul? If it be advanced that the arts are dissimilar, that the one deals with the tangible and the others with the intangible, may it not be answered, that words are as intractible as paint, that both are but tools of the trade, inductile and finite; that it is not more difficult to remember and to know the scenes of nature, than to remember and to know, the country of the heart? Aside from the performance of art, the gesture of it so to speak, is there any difference in art? Why should the painter gaze upon a mountain to paint a mountain, or a sunset to paint a sunset, any more than a dramatist upon the bare bones of actual woe, to write tragedy? Is one tied to the physical more than the other? What is the attempt and adventure? One moves about his men and women, the other his clouds, and lights and colors; but with each, it is all a show and make believe, mere craft and cunning, to body out the real drama and the real picture. If artistry be raised to creation, men and women, cloud, light and color, alike, are swept away, and the oblivious

spectator, carried as by a tide, into the ocean of feeling. Your true painter is one who garners the aspects and effects of nature, stores them away as so much treasure, precious paraphernalia of his craft, to await the day when he shall have need of them. That day will not find him in field or on hill.

It was John Burnett who said, in that old book of his, after writing of measurement, form, perspective, lines, diminution, angles, circles, and chiaro oscuro: "Invention is the great soul of painting, without which the being in possesion of an accumulation of studies, is of little avail." To imagine, is more than to remember. Go out into the midst of the desert. The sun is just gone, and the plains of the valley, vague and empurpled, swell softly to the encircling ranges. The higher air shot with gold and crimson, is a mist of radiance, while in all the middle space, a pale light drops, that fades as it falls. The ragged eastern peaks, rose and pink, blur into mauve, and then of a sudden all is gone, and the stars are shining. Enter a forest in autumn, and stand by a leaf-choked brook. The long naked boughs of oaks reach out level with the gray and yellow earth; the slender sassa-

fras spreads its fanlike branches splashed with blood-red leaves; the hazels, bare and brown, have caught in their maze, yellow leaves of pappaw and buckeye. There are dead flower stalks in the open places, and glints of green where the wind has blown the leaves from the moss. A midmorning sun, smouldering and remote, casts a tawny light which is not so much light as a diffusion and rarefaction of colors, that swims among the tree trunks. Clamber over the rocks by the sea, and at some frothy inlet, watch the waves mount into foam and run blindly along the walls of the inner caverns. Fogs trail from far distances, and heave and swell like great dim sails. Spots and bars and blotches of a lighter gray appear, lost children of the sun. All passes, and there is the sparkling blue, the tufts of white, the showering splendor of a summer noon. These, with innumerable other scenes, familiar and dear, crowd our memories, hang on the walls of past times, until it may be, on some fair day, we turn about upon ourselves, and instead of seeing and then feeling and later on remembering, we feel first, find the light within, no longer remember but conceive, throw out and

HENRY W. RANGER
Edge of the Woods

Henry W. Knoche
Editor of the Week

off, rather than take on and in, and hence away into deserts and forests and by sounding seas, never visioned by mortal eye

The artistic imagination has its origin in feeling, and bursts from it as lightning from clouds. It is inherent in this faculty, that it adds truth to truth, not truth to falseness The aggregate perfectness, the ideal of individual and nation, is superimposed upon the verity of fact. The diseased and freakish fancy that sees or pretends to see nature, wild and disordered, exaggerated and mismatched, is neither fish, flesh nor fowl. Better a thousand times plain transcriptions of nature, which at least are honest and wholesome, than monstrosities that contain neither truth of fact, nor truth of spirit. What rational being would change the color and form of flowers, or of trees, or mountains, or meadows, or of the sea, or dawn of day? Is not the sunlight of earth bright enough, are not the plains wide enough, the cliffs high enough, the deep, dark forests mysterious enough, for any vision? Who, of all the poets, has found it necessary to create a new language, or to maltreat an old one, to express himself? On the contrary, the artist has accepted the

tongue of his people, and given it dignity and nobility. Poor, trembling, outcast things, weak common everyday things, by reason of love and understanding, if not veneration, have been vitalized and empowered, and the more commanding objects touched with sublimity. It is thus imagination lights her fires. In landscape, whether consciously or not, there is always the vista of this broad and fruitful earth. As on a plain it is spread, and the charmed wanderer in rustling grove and by sunny stream, wants no lovelier surroundings. Was ever so magnificent a language? To learn it is to love it, and to love it is to be inspired. Imagination is the lamp of the passions. Not only does it give cohesion and presentation to the particular emotion, but it bears up, sustains and carries on the theme to a speaking and dramatic end. It works to a certain consummation, a foreseen and calculated effect, and its supreme quality, as has been said, is to display the emotions, in progress and along their gusty ways, and at last in a striking conclusion. It plays upon nature as light upon water, but its bright, shooting beams are from another sun. By its singleness of motive and rareity of construction, it pro-

duces a new appearance, an appearance of life, and harmony of soul---the feeling that lies at the bottom of it all It enables man to project himself, initially by schooling and arraying his emotions, and ultimately by burgeoning them forth. This accomplished, imagination has served its purpose, for although both frame and covering, it is the former rather than the latter.

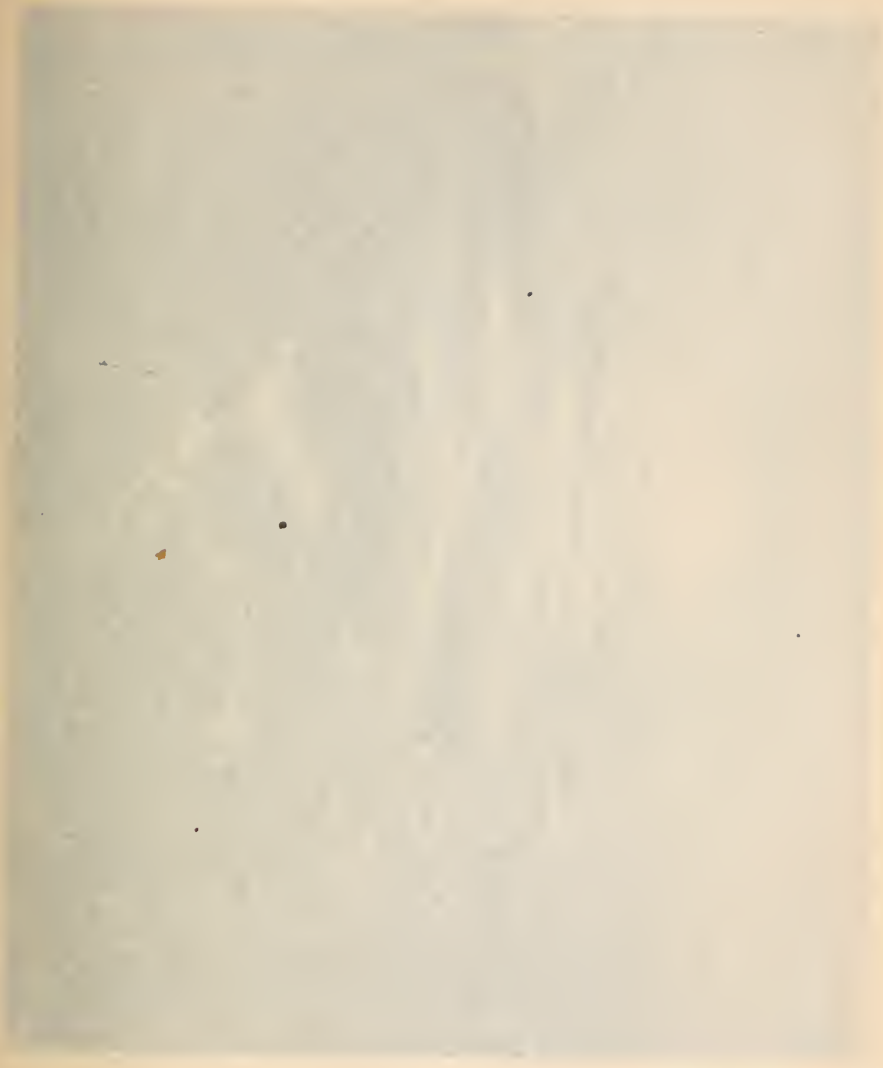
The conception of a work of art is frequently more toilsome than its execution. There have been instances, to be sure, where the entire design was flashed by the imagination, but they are exceptional. Faint as a star ray struggling earthward out of the depths of night, may be the first glimmer of some detail or part of a masterpiece. In his exuberance, man may believe that the universe is his to do with as he will, but quickly he learns his limitations, and falls crushed and broken. But it is to mount again, for still he feels and throbs, to once more try those upper virgin realms of air. There is much sweat in Claude's Jesus and the Fishermen, as well as exquisiteness. More often than not, imagination must be driven, pelted by the will, spurred and belabored, and always it must be guided, for

never was so wayward and perverse a thing, striking off to Boetian swamps, when the course is to Helicon. Venus and Satyr, Paradise and Inferno, are alike its creatures. And Tantalus is its forbear. How often, how pathetically often, has the artist after vigil and travail, reached out his hands in hunger and desire to grasp the shining image, to find it is not there, or that what he believed to be gold is tinsel. But none so indefatigable, so pitiless of self, as he who has tasted the sweets of creation. He will search the world, aye all the worlds, and foot by foot, till he find the treasure. Slowly the nebulous and evanescent will take form, feeling be imaged and vestured, and some old passion made to smile, or blight anew. It is not a tree, nor a cloud, nor a hill, nor a light, that imagination seeks, not some particular glen, not some particular shore, or city sky-line or abandoned farm, but it is a cloud of clouds, a sea of seas, a light of lights, a composite and fabrication, but like in every feature, that will spell out the emotion more poignantly and superbly. This, the sublimation of truth, most brightly beams of all that meets our wondering eyes.

O Sea, O Mountain, O Sky, O Plain, are you not mine, mine as my soul is mine? Am I not around you, and in you, and of you? Have I not found myself in you, mingled with you, and possessed you? And the light that breaks triumphantly upon you, that blazes by day and caresses by night, is not that mine, and am I not of it? In all of your power and majesty and splendor am I not a part? Do I not shine in evening star, glint on the wave, glow in your glow? Is not my spirit everywhere, the color and the sheen and the warm palpitating life of it?

I remember to have seen in a Mexican cathedral an old Spanish picture of the Virgin. Her breast was open, showing the heart, and in the midst of it was a lambent flame. Very clear and steady it burned, bathed in a rosy whiteness, and the beams, pale and silvery, radiated to the golden frame. It was not a picture of the Virgin so much, as of a flame divinely placed. To me it was an emblem of the spirit, alive in and illuminating the flesh. And those rays of light, had the frame not intercepted them, would have gone on and on, out of that dim and shadowy nave, across the wastes of night, to find

lodgment in some other bosom. More profound than feeling, more mounting than imagination, more intangible than thought, spirit lies over against the infinite. It has light, for we see it, warmth and cold, for we feel them. It prevades like a perfume, and surrounds like an atmosphere. All that we see is tinged with it, all that we hear sounds with it, all that we touch is imbued with it, all that we know partakes of it. It is fine, and pure and noble, and it is coarse, and base and ignoble. It is ourselves; yet not necessarily the selves we daily show the world, although they too, of course, impart the subtle emanation, but rather the secret and inner selves that abide at the font of feeling and of fancy. It is a sort of glamour and rarefied habiliment, over and about the passions and the imagination. It is singular and individual, more so than feeling or imagination; they may be similar, almost identical, in different persons; but spirit is always peculiar and idiosyncratic, and yet of so happy a quality, that it blends best with the universal mind. It ebbs and flows like the sea, today rising and insurgent, tonight receding and submissive. And its luminousness, ambient and



WILLIAM RITSCHEL
Light on the Sea

circumfusing, converts and transmutes thing and matter into the incorporeal, to the end that spirit holds and possesses nature, that nature lives in the spirit, instead of the spirit in nature. Feeling and fancy are but introduction and prologue. As mountain and sea are swallowed up in the splendor of sunset, are no longer mountain and sea, but appendages of the dominant resplendence, so infused and pierced with light that they are light, and for the moment severed from the gross rock and water, existent alone in and as part of the omnipotent brightness, so in the spirit of man, all this teeming earth is transfused, and has its being. Tree and field, hill and valley, the sky, the air, the terrestrial whole, live in us. Canvas and printed page, image and description of image, are adumbrations of spirit. As it is high or low, lofty or base, strong or weak, so will be canvas or page, treasure or dross. Feeling may be racial, imagination tied to a people's knowledge, but spirit is world wide, without confine or barrier.

The ruck of men, as has been said, care nothing for nature. She is a bed to lie in, a table to satisfy hunger, and a sort of haber-

dashery where hats and coats may be obtained. Daily they see and feel and hear her, as she affects their physical welfare, and they are familiar in a general way, with her forms and colors. They dwell in a perpetual twilight, ranging from the darkling and obscure to the diaphanous and hazy. When they lift their eyes to the sun, it is to learn the time of day, and of the moon, they have made a weather prognosticator. Indifference is the rule, attentiveness the exception, and love outside their sphere. World may have a dozen meanings, but to most men it has only one: themselves and their neighbors. Eve is more captivating than Eden, Moses and his tablet of laws more impressive than Sinai, and John crying in the desert more inspiring than the wild, lonely places of his roaming. Men, the common and the average, loom bigger than the planets. Feeling, fancy and spirit are theirs, not tokens of immortality perhaps, but surely the crest and topping pitch of life. The sea may not move us, nor the stars stir our fancy, nor the scope of heaven lift our spirits, but a cry of distress will make us tingle, a speaking word fire our fancy, and a Calvary etherealize us. To offer

the generality of men, transcripts of trees and ponds and clouds and hills and valleys, is to offer them husks and stones. They want, and will have, themselves. What quickens feeling like feeling, touches imagination like imagination, elicits spirit like spirit? The master passions, imaginations and spirits, those ultra-expressions of ourselves, are pools of refreshment and delight. Small wonder that the intimates of our being, the stuff and fabric of us, should color our senses willy-nilly, small wonder that when our weak beat of feeling, our crawling fancy, and flickering spirit, come in contact with tumultuous passion or deep sunk mood, the lift and swing of surpassing imagination, or the white glow of spirit, we are whelmed and immersed in the higher powers, and become for the time superior to ourselves. We see with eyes other than our own, feel with a heart other than ours, and stand forth in a vicarious brightness. Thus we enter the upper chambers, the ideal so-called, but in truth, merely the realism of heart and soul. It may be a gala under the myriad leaves of a forest, or the destruction of a host in dark mountain gorge, or desperate abordage in, "bleak dan-

gerous sea-surroundings," that forms the outer guise; that is subordinate, as secondary as that northern castle where Hamlet met his father's wraith, or the stream where poor Ophelia perished. But feeling, fancy, spirit, they are the zenith and the circumference, the measure of life, and the field of art.

Some would have art an uncharted, rather than an enchanted sea, and so bent are they upon lifting a new world into view, they voyage by the Isles without seeing them. Undiscovered shores, brilliant birds in a land of bloom, rivers that wind upon themselves without source or mouth, cataracts tumbling out of clouds, things curious, unfamiliar and bizarre, allure them. Such is their heady zeal, they do not consider, that the passion driving them on, is the material of art, and not the fantasia at the end of the world. Change, they cry, is life, and flit from thing to thing, enraptured with the novel because it is novel, disdainful of the old because it is old. Change is incessant, as of course, but it is not universal; the primal and supreme know it not. Their thousand aspects and apparent alterations, are but phases. The great things in our lives, are they not as

various as the days, as diverse as the seasons, and as constant? Art was art, when the savage scrawled an aurochs on the smoky wall of his cave, and when Millet painted the Gleaners. The feelings of the tribesmen, when with torch aloft, they looked at the tremendous beast, were kindred to those of the citizens, ages after, upon beholding the women at their task. The savages saw the chase, the charge, the trampled bodies of the slain; the citizens their lives of toil. Each gave and took their own. The cause, the process and the result were the same. The difference was mere growth, a widening out and climbing up, and the incident of surroundings. For art, always and everywhere, is the imbuing of an object, or some tangible, bodily thing, with the feeling, fancy and spirit, characteristic of and belonging to the period and the country, the embellishing of the whole with what is thought to be beautiful, and the casting upon all the semblance of what is conceived to be truth. It is as simple as a shaft of light on a bank. The quality of the light will depend upon whether it be cast by candle or sun; the quality of the art upon whether it be cast by passions, fancies, and

spirits, weak or powerful. And art is light, opposed to the veiled and mysterious, ever publishing and displaying. Verse may change but poetry will not; music, but not melody; the forms and methods of painting, but never the subjects to be portrayed. No one is fooled with dexterity of craft, or shifts and tricks to cover emptiness, for men know their city, and clamor without the walls avails nothing. We hunger for ourselves. It is not change we crave, but a more complete manifestation. Every day we look at the sky, the field and the sea; we do not want another sky, nor field, nor sea, but only, and bounteously are we served, new revelations of them. Our wondrous passage, the flare of earth upon us, and our response, our amazing, ever-opening, unsolvable selves, must be our chiefest delight and deepest despair. Were we to advance to the furthermost station, and scale the ultimate height, there would be no departure, no variance, but only a fuller comprehension. As well expect harvest at Christmastide, or a show of strange stars on a summer's night, as an art not in harmony with the primordial.

II

THE ATTENDANTS, TRUTH AND BEAUTY

HAVING said that feeling, fancy and spirit are the elements of landscape, I have done no more I fear, than cry the hour from the housetops, or declaim what every one knows, that earth, atmosphere and light comprise the day, It is but a flourish, a provocative fanfaronade. Squirm as we may, there is no denying, that our proud intellect, with all its reasons why and causes for, occupies a narrower demesne than its humbler relations, and only learns by hearsay, vague and uncertain, of the out-region where they so freely roam. It is there, across the confines, the fountains break. Having with earnestness contended that feeling, fancy and spirit are components of landscape, I am now compelled to admit, that I am in a great ignorance concerning them, as I am of earth and atmosphere and light, but aver that I know them well. Not for me to track the abyss, or pioneer behind the sun; but the brightness and the majesty are mine, notwithstanding my incomprehension. And here is one

of our mazes---a mystery not of art, for art may display the sense of it well enough---that we pass beyond analysis, classification and definition, beyond the hard and fast of two and two, and often enjoy most when we reason least. But if the domain be wide, it is not without its arbiters, who, if not as exacting as those of the schools, are, if anything, more difficult to please.

Bearing in mind that the purpose of art is to enhance this present life, it is pertinent to ask, what qualities toward this accomplishment, may be added to or superimposed upon those substances already considered. An endeavor has been made to show, that the objects of nature are but the materials. Without arrogance, but with conviction, we consider this point maintained. It is equally clear, that the human elements we have been discussing, are also only materials, although of a nobler order. A valley between mountains, and opening to the sea, green with the spring and roofed with azure, that is one thing; the passion of spring, the joy and the hope of it, all spangled out with fancy, and the timid, sweet spirit that belongs to it, that is another thing. And still there

CHARLES H. DAVIS
Clouds

is a lack. Valley, mountains, sea and sky, joy and hope, the range of fancy, and spell of spirit, one and all, are inadequate for the complete presentment. Down the centuries, as down some dark and labyrinthine way, emerging from the mists and slowly advancing, and growing in brightness, as step by step they come, even if now and then they cloak their faces, are those two figures, toward whom all men have held appealing hands, and raised adoring eyes. As nature is lifted up by the blending with her of feeling, fancy and spirit, and becomes a charming go-between, so is the whole work and design, form, color, mood and imagining, exalted and perfected by the gracious touch of Truth and Beauty.

Of truth, there would appear to be two main branches: that which we know by demonstration of intellect, and that which we feel by the exercise of other faculties. The one, if indeed it be the truth, prevails everywhere, and is the same at all times; the other, local in character, may be truth today and falsity tomorrow. The fine arts fall under the latter division, and are subservient to as many truths, as there are peoples scattered over the

face of the earth. In art that is true which is believed to be true. It matters not if it be verity, if only it satisfies and convinces. As it springs from life, it must conform to it; not alone to that which is, but to that which has been, and is remembered. That is truest, which most nearly approaches the general conception of what the true should be. It can make no possible difference whether the conception be true or not, measured by foreign standards. Art is not a pathfinder in far places, not a discoverer of the strange and unheard of; but however it may go afield in means and equipment, its steadfast purpose is to manifest and exhibit, that which is already dimly sensed, and hence in a manner known, but not realized; and to do it in such fashion as to gratify and delight. It has nothing to do with future generations or other races; it is of its own day and its own people. If at that time and to them it be true, nothing else is of consequence. But I would not be construed too closely; by time is not meant the years of an artist's output, or by people, a community or section; but more largely, such as a cycle, and such as a country, with a common history and the same

general outlook. It may come about that distant nations, or remote times, may take for their own another's standard, but this would be indicative merely, that nations or ages derived for the nonce, more satisfaction from that specific ideal, and not that in a thousand years or even a tittle of it, still a truer might not be found and the old discarded. Thus it is, that artistic truth is ever in the flux, but ever tending and converging, it must be, toward the final goal when all the world will be one. Those old architects of the Nile, and of Babylonian palaces, and they who chiseled the Attic porches, who was nigher truth? or was it he who dreamed the Taj Mahal? Certain it is, that Egypt's truth was truth to her, and India's to her, and as completely as ever was Greece's, and that Egyptian and Indian arts were true in those countries, however false they might have been in Greece.

But although a people speak the voice will be that of one man. The same thing may be uttered by different persons, in different ways, and given different appearances, and yet all be true, for the general truth is made known, only impressed by varying viewpoints and

glossed by varying temperaments. A picture of languorous clouds and slumberous hills, curtained pillows of repose, is true; and a picture of meadows, lulled and still, where one might drowse himself away, is true. All of the world's art is but the testimony of a few, and all the truth declared their version of it. While then, it may be correct to say that truth is that which appears to be true to a people, at or about the time of its production, yet in a fuller and more complete sense, it is the rendering by the individual, and as he may feel and behold them, of the emotions and conceptions of the many. The greater artist will express the greater truth.

To be an artist it is necessary to be a man, and a downright worldly one at that. Never yet has edifice reared its spires that was not deeply foundationed. Those wan, ascetic creatures, hermits and recluses, fearful of life's plunge, have no place in art, for it is of the stream with rush and swirl, and not the shore. The artist is close product of the soil, redolent of it, cheek by jowl with hussy and knave, as well as virtue and worth, and if his head be among the stars now and then, be sure his feet are in the mire. Rhapsodists,

souls cast from their moorings, and foundering in their own illusions, are only pretenders here. To the artist, life is not a spectacle, but an occupation. Whatever he may add to truth, by reason of his wider capacity and profounder grasp, will not only be indigenous, but broadly bottomed in the known and common. But it is a singularity of his cognizance and a requirement of his profession that he be engrossed, not so much with what a thing is, as with what it appears to be. In a way, deception lies at the root of the arts, for they are all seeming. We are enamored of appearances. A mountain or forest or rolling plain swims into view, and has a correct and proper look, whether it be near or far, in mist or sunshine. The appearance is true, because it is in accord with our teaching and experience. We are aware, that mountain, forest and plain, within and of themselves, are of a different actuality, but we are oblivious of that, and tenacious only of the semblance. So indurated and bitten into us is the outward show, that we would believe the substance itself false, rather than the accustomed face of it. To this perdurable and unyielding rule, the deeper verities lend

their emphasis, all the more beguiling us with their very potency; but as if to compensate for the deceit, invariably the more intimate and profound subtleties are distinguished, by the more significant and enthralling appearances.

When in the contemplation of nature we see fields, trees, rocks, skies, waters and light, a consciousness is aroused of something additional, of something quite beyond lake or valley or desert or dawn, a compelling force and power, and our kinship and affinity with it. We catch the tremendous drift, at some auroral hour feel the universal surge, know it as our own and in unison go our way. It is the exhibition of the appearances of such concepts, the publication of those arrangements whatever they may be, that most readily suggest them, which constitute truth indeed.

With feeling, fancy and spirit, (and likewise with that other attendant, for truth embraces all, and only the true can be beautiful) it is the same. They also have appearances whereby we know them. We look for the familiar garb, and if we miss it, are as among strangers. Our interest lies in the superficies of the phenomena, and their harmony with rule. A laugh, even if it be the apo-

DWIGHT W. TRYON
October's Close

DWIGHT W. TRYON

October's Close

theosis of grief, is nevertheless jocose. There have grown in us by tradition and association, perceptions not of the composition of feeling, imagination and spirit, but of the appearance of the results and effects of them; and if we would be moved, our sense of the feel of these appearances, must be reached. That only will ring true which raises within us, something kindred to our own preconceived notion of it.

With a world thus made up, the painter comes to his work. It is taken for granted that he is familiar with the appearances of nature, in detail and in mass, and the appearances of feeling, fancy and spirit as observed by most men. To these must be added, that which is less definable and more subtle, something of knowledge, facileness and dexterity, but more of an inborn gift and natural endowment, a mastery of the commerce of thing and emotion, the power to co-ordinate the one with the other, so that the appearance of the material will shadow out the appearance of the immaterial, for the intangible has its aspects no less than the substantial. Lastly, there must be present, in the whole, the most enigmatical of all, the personal touch, the deeper and wider and more searching survey, that is

the very scepter of truth. It is all as if some loftier sun, might enlarge the horizon, and cast an intenser light, and of different hue, upon this same old earth.

More than once we have built about us structures of such appalling magnitude, that we have been lost in our own creations. The simplicity of charm, like that of power has given rise to theories, the most abstruse and perplexing. When we consider the nations who have fared from the primeval nest, their manner of life, and the rim of their intelligence, notwithstanding the lore that weighs us down, little doubt can exist concerning the causes of the beautitul, however great diversity of opinion may prevail, as to what is or is not, beautiful. Discover that which adorns and delights, and beauty lies in your hand.

Whether it be ocean roaring from pole to pole, or meteor flashing across the night, or desert quivering in fiery heat, or summer's tempest hurtling with ominous front to burst in majesty on a world of green, or winter rolling her sodden skies, or mountains linking continent to continent and lifting their scarred and battled peaks, or rivers dashing in glens, wetting the roots of pines, and grandly

meeting the sea, or plains spreading endlessly, radiant with flowers, or tumbled with wastage of another time, all is harmony, not the smooth flow of the inane and complacent, but the larger harmony which includes discord. Not clod, nor leaf of tree, nor wisp of cloud, nor fleck of foam, but has its conflict; but although shock and cataclysm may come, there is never disaster; and warrings cruel enough, only work the final peace. Nature attains a consummate justness. Still she carries with her the concord, and the perfect unity of her source.

Of this general agreement and correspondence man is part, swinging from his first estate into the outer circles, and within the lights of other worlds, yet never beyond reach of ear. Civilization, with its glories and deal of trumpery, has not estranged him. Through bitter childhood, (bitter as wolf cub's slaughtered in his hole) and freer maturity, nature has passed with him, and never has hand left hand. Compare the different stages in their progress, and the relations in each, and the beauty that burst from earth, and blossomed over and over again along the way.

Far back in the beginnings, a land is shouldered from the deep. Waves beat its cliffs and froth on its desolate sands; forests, dense and sombre, infested with beasts and serpents, poisonous with vapors, gaudy with bird and flower, stretch back from the sea; level places, grown with rank grass, swept by countless herds, and tracked by lords of prey, succeed the forests; there are lakes and rivers bordered with bamboo, and matted with rush, fanned by a million wings; morasses, heaving with wallowing creatures; mountains gapped and chasmed, drenched with torrential rains; and above a sky where tempests drive, and lightnings dart, and over all, and in all, everywhere, the fierceness of the wild. Upon such a theatre man sets his hesitating foot, and is absorbed as flesh in new grass, or stream in ocean. He prowls and stalks and fights, with sole design to fill himself, clothe his nakedness against the cold, kill his enemies, and escape the general doom. He lies on nature's bosom, a savage tugging at a savage breast. And yet there is beauty. Perhaps it is a feather stuck in his tangled hair, perhaps the tusk of an animal hung about his neck, a pigment daubed on his cheeks, a shining

stone fashioned in lacerated ear or protruding lip, the sheen of the sun on a pelt, or some shape in stone or wood he has hid in the hollow of a tree. Whatever it may be, it adorns, and is delightful to the extent that it embellishes. All fits the universal scheme: in a world of bale and ferocity, beauty takes the common cast, and is as barbaric as the environment.

Far within the mountains, against the northern sky, loom domes and peaks of glistening white. In stately line they march across the world. Southward they send out tremendous buttresses, black with forest, falling away in misty precipices, and rolling in long, round, smooth hills, to the pasture lands of the valley. Here, flowing eastward, is a river, its waters jade-green. The rich pastures run on into the south, rising to the round, smooth hills, which in turn climb the slopes and the beetling walls, and the forested heights of another range, capped and pinnacled with white. The sun is in the west, and swung across from northern to southern bound, is the bright, resplendent blue of high places. Birds of prodigious wing soar in the central depths, and by the river, under trees,

beasts lie at rest. Into the valley from the east, pursuing the winding river, come for the first time, herds of cattle and goats. Long-haired tribesmen, half-naked and brown, goad them on. Behind the herds are asses, laden with red-clay pots, implements of agriculture, and for weaving, and household gear, and following them, men and women, clothed in loose white garments, and many children. Straggling to the rear are other men and women, of wilder look, with copper collars on their necks, and bent low under burdens of grain and tent stuffs. The mixed and heterogeneous train melts into the scene, moves under the blue sky, the white peaks, and by the green river, with an appropriateness not excelled by the herbage that is trampled underfoot. A headman walks to one side, looks about at the hills and mountains, and in a level place near the water, thrusts his spear into the ground. Slaves raise the tents, fires are built, cattle, goats and asses graze toward the high lands, and the smell of meat on coals fills the air. Man has left the forests and come out into the pastures. He is a master of flocks, a cultivator of crops, weaver, tanner, potter. He has departed from animal-

ism, but not from nature, and the sun gone down behind the western snows, leaves man and valley locked in their eternal embrace. Beauty has grown with him, changed as he changed, mounted with his desires, and marvelous transition, the world that was savage, is no longer so. He wears the yellow tusk, but now it is a jewel at his throat, the daub of pigment has been worked into patterns for tent and robe, the outline of wood or stone is found in curve of vase, and for the light of sun on fur, he has seen the shining hills. Feeling he always had, but now there is charm in the manner of it. Poetry has come, and romance, crude and unformed as yet, but truly themselves, and his life like the sky at dusk, fills with a thousand stars. He beholds the unseen, hears the unheard, catches some little of the rhythm and unison between them and things seen and heard daily, and discovers, though as one groping in a mist and peering for his course, that the delights of earth which he has known, although losing none of their delightfulness, are instrumentalities to strange new lovlinesses, none the less captivating because not grasped by hand or visualized by eye.

Where in old days the waves beat on desolate sands, a city rears its piles and throws its banners to the winds. The harbor swarms with craft, the marts are gay with fabrics from far-off climes, lofty pillars carved and fluted line the tumultuous streets, and the houses, set one against the other, are painted with every color. On what was once a shifting dune, stands a noble temple. Back from the city where the forests were, are fields of wheat and barley, and meadows with cattle. The morning sun glints on the harbor waters, the metal-work of ships, the silks in the booths, the windows and the roofs of buildings, the gold on the temple, and the pools of water in lane and byway. The light strikes ship and temple as kindly as sea and pool, and tower and minaret swim serenely and at one, in the opalescent air. Men are everywhere: in the rigging of ships, on the wharves and strands, before the shops and the great pillared buildings, in the streets, about the temple, and in the green fields. They go in crowds, even they who follow one in long scarlet robe, and holding aloft an image, are a crowd and motley jam. All is unrest and turmoil, but befitting and in key. Man has

GEORGE INNESS
Sunset

GEORGE INNESS

Sunset

left the pastures and congregated in cities. Again he has departed, but she who was with him in jungle and in valley, is at his side. Not wall, nor street, nor roof can part them, nor can he so wrap about his soul with convention, that she will not search it out. His temples are but creatures of an hour; his cities but caravansaries for the night, but she is of all time. He passes from appurtenance of earth to attribute of spirit, and she smiles upon him, and voices his inmost thoughts. From beauty to beauty he ascends, building nobler edifices, conceiving sounds that ravish, seeing sights beyond any earthly vision, contriving line and color into dream and passion, and she takes him into her arms. Yellow tusk, totem pole, dash of color and circlet of silk, sparkling gem and sparkling eye, curve of arch and sweep of line, depth of feeling, richness of fancy, and purity of spirit, what are they all, but lures of delight, adornments and bedeckings, fruits of the communion betwixt man and nature, ordained in the first design?

"Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads;

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through
Thee, are fresh and strong."

Of all the arts landscape lies closest to nature. Not elsewhere may the living presence of earth be displayed so vividly, and the mind be fitted with such matchless conjoinder to its larger tenement. Other arts may catch the spell of her, and in winged words or glorious strains present her deep significances, but it is a rendering once removed, and hanging upon the subtlety of another language. Landscape goes into field and forest, and takes for her composition the very forms and colors of nature. In whispering tree it is not words that whisper, but stirring leaves; in light on pellucid waters, it is not words that sparkle, but the light of the sun; in ocean's beat it is not organ's roll or orchestration, but the waves racing on the sands, and dashing on the rocks.

In nature small things have small beauty. A blade of grass, even with dew-drop pendant from its tip, is not as beautiful as a meadow; the leaf of a tree as the tree, nor the tree as a forest; a rose, white as snow and half hid-

den in greenery, is not as beautiful as the bush, nor the bush as a cluster of bushes; a wave is not as beautiful as a sea of waves, nor a hill as a bed of them. The little cannot escape their littleness, and are of import chiefly in making up the big. The beauty of the world lies in the broad spaces, in fields, in forests, on the banks of rivers, the slopes of mountains, in deserts, and by the sea. But it is in a still wider realm we must look for the ultimate. In those intangible paths through the hollow kingdom of the sky, where light holds sway imperially, it is there, in tone and mass, beauty is royalist. Be it ever so exquisite, how trivial is flower, or bosky dell, or sequestered lake, and how far down the scale fall forest and plain and even the sea, compared with the pageantry of the heavens, the strike of light and miracle of air? Here from dawn to sunset the infinite is displayed, leans furtherest earthwards, and the night is as the day. Light and atmosphere, they are the soul and heart of nature, her etherial and diviner part, and although as material and base as rock or bleaching bone, they captivate and draw to themselves most powerfully, those elements in us that more

nearly correspond to them. We attain with them a completer harmony, and know a profounder and more perfect beauty.

Beauty is never of one thing, but of this and that, of little and of much, acting and reacting upon one another. The consummation may be attained only by the use of more or less antagonistic parts, and oftener than not, it will be the twanging note that lends perfection. Great beauty in anything, whether it be in poem, novel, cathedral or picture, or in storm, summer, winter, dawn, sunset or noon, is the supreme effect that may be wrought out of the separate and distinct, and if not conflicting, at least the opposing, elements employed. The midway passages, phases of the turn, the drab monotonies of the intervals, must always remain inconsequential. How we hearken and rise to the mighty climaxes? In nature there must be some tie, some kinship, some common substance, deeper and more intimate than we know that binds us to her, so completely and consummately do we, not merely join, but unite with her. Hardly a mood but has its counterpart, hardly a fancy that may not garland itself, and never a spirit too rare, to

commingle with and dissolve away in earthly radiances.

Of the effects in nature which stir us deepest, are those of single appeal, simplicity in complexity. Sunrise and sunset, light triumphant, night, mountains, plains, the sea, the profundities of air, the bending sky, these, in their sovereign loneness, are the inapproachable. In all the plan, however mixed and confounded, is order, regularity and symmetry. And next we perceive that eternal youth of things, that newness out of the old, that animation and movement that is life. Continually we are opening our eyes, the whole of us, in delightful realization of earth's fecundity. There is no time, there is no place, that life is not stronger than death. In its processes is beauty perennial. All beauty lives, is affirmative, and quickens with a ravishing expectancy.

It is not possible for the senses to be charmed separately from the emotions, nor may they in turn know enjoyment except in conjunction with the primary perceptions. Only beauty conveys beauty. The lure of thing is interwoven and intertwined with the lure of thought, and the one cannot exist

without the other. Take, for instance, the opening of morning, the flush, the little fingerings of light about the stars, the tremblings of things coming into life, and the flare of triumph and conquest, is all this to be distinguished, from the amazed soul, that mounts with each rosy ray, and swells into a paean of joy and praise?

Beauty of feeling, fancy and spirit is beauty added to beauty. Here are those fair wanderers in the pathway to the sun. Hardly may we overestimate sensual beauty, not alone for itself, and the gratification we receive from it, but for the reason that it opens the way to other delights. But it is the wanderers, after all, that hold the compelling charm, and not the path. Physical beauty may start in motion those images and phantasms of the mind, those trains of feeling and fancy, that are more powerful than the things seen or heard, but never do our hearts swell to bursting, never are we so satiated with delight, as when directly fired by the beauty of feeling, spirit and imagination. A further and more delectable vista unfolds before us; successions of ideas, and troops and processions of rare elusory beings that spring from

the inmost and more imperishable parts of us, move on and on, in fascinating pilgrimage; we are caught in a sweet bewilderment, and rouse from it as from a dream.

Up from and out of the all-pervading harmony of earth, beauty rises like a Venus from the sea. As we may discern the melody, whatever the incarnation, be it of form or color, or the winds that blow, may we know it. For beauty resolves itself into music, no less of eye than of ear. But rarely is it the giving-off and breathing-forth of the substance of things which comprise the charm, but rather the effluence that comes from their bedecking, from that disposal and arrangement which in itself is adornment, and the very birth and fashioning of which in our appreciation, evokes delight. The concord and our attunement, the union in bright image or entrancing sensation, such is the beautiful. In nature, this signal and isolated delight, is found in the grace and richness of attire which enfolds alike, particular object, and the scene of its placement. In that beauty which emanates from the seat and body of our life, yet again the components seldom rest within, but upon the surface. As in the things of

earth, it is not that which is beautified that enchants, but the allure of the apparel and the position of it, the outward blazonry and not the supporting frame, so in the other world, it is not the fabric so much, nor aught that comes from it, which wakes the ineffable strain, but the visage of presentation, the exquisiteness of guise. Here may or may not be power, or height, or depth, or any of the tremendous verities, but here of a surety, lies delight.

We have one code for all. In littleness of feeling, fancy and spirit, as in littleness of grass-blade, or rose, or wave, or hill, and in the little effects that may be compassed with them, there can be but the modicum; only in the compelling passions and sentiments, the splendid flights of fancy, and the spirit that exalts, as in the vast places, the light of the sun, and the glory of the sky, may the master results be worked and the ultimate attained. Sadness may not be depicted on a leaf, nor rapture on a pebble.

And as the beauty of light, sifting down in forests, dancing on the waters, or breaking in golden effulgence from black tempestuous cloud, allures the eye and opens wide the in-

CHARLES MELVILLE DEWEY
The Early Beams

ner casements, so the beauty of feeling, fancy and spirit, brooding in their recesses, laughing out their joys, bursting forth in unrestrained power, captivates the heart, and holds in spell each lesser ministrant.

III

THE MORE IMPORTANT QUALITIES OF THE MATERIALS

IF then, the material of the landscape painter consists of the shapes and colors of earth, and his work be to impress them with feeling, fancy and spirit, all true and beautiful and as part and component, those qualities in both nature and man, that will most strongly conduce to the highest attainment, must be of importance. Casting about the world, and over the centuries that are gone, prying into the lives of dead artists and viewing their performances, we cannot but ask, What is it all for? this tremendous struggle, this amazing labor, and we cannot otherwise than be convinced, that the thing that at last compelled, that dominated life and made toil pleasurable, was profounder and deeper-seated, than the mere desire to organize and develop form and color. Works of art, wrought by the intellect, are but evidence, of the mightier forces of our being. Like dark, penetrable mists in deep solitudes, our emotions lie within us, stirred and moved by every questing air. Of the experiences

of these, our more indeterminate selves, we *must* speak. It is in the endeavor to expose and publish them, to place outside that which is within, more than to imitate and after our manner perfect, that which is without, that we seize upon form and color. Emotion can but feel, and long for utterance, and then mayhap, intellect will trap out with device and cunning, that which it can never fully understand, and never fully express. The stuff of art is intangible, but the manufacture of it, is matter of skill with the substantial. The approach is two-fold, emotional and intellectual. I cannot conceive of an intellectual art, but only of an intellectual display of it. The divination, the bloom, the cleaving joy, are substantive and purely emotional; the control and the portrayal, are operative and largely intellectual. The way runs perilously close, and we have the emptiness of craft, as in other arts there is often naught but the ring and clash. Nor would I be classed with those who languish in emotion, and disparage if they do not disdain, workmanship. To raise craft to expression is a task so prodigious, it is amazing, that the very stress and strain of it does not destroy, more often than would appear to

be the case, the idea or feeling that is sought to be manifested. Who but the foolhardy would deny, that all riches whatsoever, are only fully valued, when they are dressed and polished to men's desires. In this material world, art must have a beautiful body, as well as a beautiful soul, else the soul may never speak.

When one seeks for the elements that will best express his emotions, he discovers, that as they are of a loose and flowing character, vehicles of a similar kind, will most readily lend themselves to their exposal. The emotions, be they ever so potent, are attended by a vagueness, a feeling of wandering in remote, if familiar precincts. The purer the emotion, the more removed from the sway of reason, the less is the consciousness of definite shape or form. We drift from a fixed coast of certain height and contour, upon a shoreless sea. It can hardly be then, that emotion, being of so fluid a composition, can find its freest expression, either within the set inclosures of the curved or angular, or along their stiff, if rhythmic course.

Line, however delicate and precious, inevitably leads to the diagram. Its prime func-

tion, notwithstanding its esthetic power, alike in art and mathematics, is to demonstrate and hold; but color, sensuous and ecstatic, apprehends without deduction, and eludes strict confines. By color I do not mean the brilliant and gorgeous as contrasted with the sombre and dull, but more the value of things, volume without precision, masses, which of themselves engross, and not so much by intensity of hue, as by depth and richness of suffusion of it, those interpenetrations of tone with tone which appear to absorb one another in wondrous wholeness, like notes in a song. As the arts progress, as they abandon the staidness and rigidity of the intellect, and cling to the warmer, if more erratic emotions, from architecture to sculpture, and thence to painting, poetry and music, line is subjected and color placed in the ascendant.

Form and color are not so distinct and separable as is commonly supposed. Nothing, whether it be corporeal or incorporeal, exists without form, and form cannot exist without color. To see at all, is to behold both. What we call color, that is to say hue, is a quality of form, and at all stages is form; and what we call form, that is to say shape,

is a quality of color, and at all stages is color. Remove color from shape, and the whole disappears; remove shape from color, and all vanishes. In the fine arts shape and color are matter of employment, not of different substances, but of the aspects and appearances of one comprehensive thing. The respective qualities may be so accentuated, that color will predominate and shape be subjected, as with light and air; or shape so advanced that color will be subdued, as with trees stripped of foliage, and masses of rocks. It would almost appear that color is the living element of form. In physical man shape is so pronounced that color is secondary, and so it is that the primitive and older art, which deals with man, is largely dominated by line; but in nature the opposite is true, and hence the newer art which deals with nature, and man as a part, is largely dominated by color. It cannot be maintained, however, that shape is the more striking characteristic of the inner man, either of his soul by whatever name, or of his general mental equipment. We are more likely to conceive of the soul as a spark cast from the central flame, and of the mind as a force separated for a time from the

eternal power, iridescent essences, color aglow, than we are to conceive of them as round or square, or oblong. If there be one faculty of the mind more formful than another, and more susceptible of concreteness and shape, it is the intellect. Is there not then, such a close agreement between the make and composition of our spiritual and emotional beings and the chromatic properties of nature, especially of the deeper and obscurer significances, that we flow out more freely and find greater delight, in fields and forests and oceans and skies of color, than in those of shape? As shape is reduced to a minimum in our spiritual and emotional selves, and so as to be in a practical sense, well-nigh absent, it must be that like qualities in nature will appeal the most. As like to like, intellect pricks her ears at shape, widens her searching eyes, and grasps the mastery, while spirit and emotion glide into color as light freed from garish day, fades into the dim translucent depths of still waters.

In landscape, whatever may be the case elsewhere, it is chiaro oscuro or nothing---not merely for the values, but because it is the only means of so emphasizing color that

shape may be adequate, and yet color paramount. Those scenes which whip us into attention and keen observation, are they comparable with others, where there is no sense of vision, no alertness, but only a falling away in forgetfulness and feeling? Who remembers the shape of sunrises or of sunsets, or of moonlight on the fields, or of the woods in spring or in autumn, or of distances, or of starry nights? I know a plain, and a deep fir wood, and a desert beside the sea. They lie one above the other, the plain tipping to the wood, the wood to the desert, but more abruptly, and it to the sea. Seen in the glare of noon, or any strong light, either in part or as a whole, they present a pattern stimulating principally to the intellect. Across the eastern limits of the plain run black volcanic mountains. The vast, bare expanse of upland, broken with yellowing groves of aspen and poplar, in patches of burned-up meadow, spreads away, glittering in places where the granite comes to the surface, but on the whole, drab and gray. On their slope, the firs mark a strip of green, with turrets of red stone shooting high above the trees. Below, tangles of manzanita and dwarf-oak, burnished

ALBERT L. GROLL
Harbingers of Rain

like mirrors, shine amid wildernesses of fallen rock. Far down and away is the sweep of the desert, gashed with dry water courses, and of a staring whiteness, and then the round steely sea. The unflecked sky, a cope of pure blue, closes around with the tightness and precision of a lid screwed down. But come among the firs. The huge trunks rise in dusky luminousness to the twinkling roof. A green twilight pervades the open places, darkling down the forest isles into faint misty blues, and vanishing in walls of apparent black. Darts of light, warm and vivid, strike the ferns, the rich brown bark of the trees, and coves and nooks of shadow, where they flash and are gone. A cluster of pentstemon in full flower, caught for an instant, glows fiery scarlet. Slantwise, from a break in the roof, threads of yellow light, soft and waning in the dimness, fall on a bank of emerald green moss. Shadowy capes and promontories, the darker adumbrations of heavier bough or denser top, creep over the ground, mount into the air, and approach and recede from the central brightness. The green of the fringy opening in the roof, the green of the trees, and of the moss, and the

brakes of fern, and of the pervading twilight, fuse and interweave into a romance of greens, and deep in all, with little sparkles coming and going, and glints of gold, as if stray hairs from the sun's great mane were caught and hanging there, gleam the pendent rays. It is on the plain, when the sun is gone, and oncoming night invests earth and sky, that a profounder note is struck. Over all that sombre and solitary extent, hovering close to the ground, as though sand, rock and scrub were exhaling it, lies a fateful purple haze. In long undulations it darkens away, and far off in gloomy shades, are phantom lakes and pools of mauve. The groves of aspen and poplar, now half submerged in the purpureal tide, like lost and foundered hulks, rest on their shores. An uneasiness is abroad, portentious of calamity, and as if at any moment the plain might rouse and lift a face of utter woe. Although night is in the sky, there is no starry brilliance there. From the black desert mountains, over the greater part of the arc, sweep leaden clouds, with wisps of darker hue, wind torn and ragged, passing beneath them. A pale amber light from towering vapors in the west, a light so wan and hag-

gard as to seem the disembodied spirit of light, falters and swoons away in the wind blown rack, and the cavernous deep below. The world is stark and cold. A few hours later, from the desert shore, lift your eyes to the east. Up an incline of shadow you gaze into a lustrous dome. The sand dunes roll from your feet into fields of blue; the steep ascent of manzanita and fir and rocky pinnacles, now a bulwark of darker blues, and violets soft as clouds, with long filmy alleys where the canyons wind, looms unnaturally high; beyond, over the invisible plain, a flood of opaline light, mellow and smoky like incense, fills the sky, with the tops of the mountains just discernible, and above, the dwindling moon. Silence broods upon the night, and there is the peace of deep repose. And then, from the highest pinnacle in the firs, with sweep over plain, and wood, and desert, and sea, behold the dawn. Like a resurrection it comes, glad and buoyant, and with swiftness and might, launching beams into the zenith, even among the stars, driving darkness from the plain as with lashes, hurling spears among the firs, dashing like a red host upon the turrets and pinnacles, striking

with flights of arrows the last retreating shadows on the desert, and thence out upon the eager, expectant sea. All color, living, creative, adorable color, the outward seeming of what would appear to be, nature's boundless passion.

Arts principally dependent on line are forever dead, gone with the ages that begot them. Those mighty and well-nigh august limners of old, architects, sculptors and designers, are foregathered with the poets, dramatists and philosophers of their world. Men are the same, everlastingly, but they wheel with the centuries. Governments, religions, sciences are discarded, and subtler schemes devised. Can the wherewith of art which charmed the Greek climbing his hill to chiselled temple and chiselled gods, and the Christian stretched before his cross, content those of the present time who contemplate the commingling, not merely of their dust but of themselves, with the stars? Is it any more remarkable or to be wondered at, that architecture and sculpture should die as fine arts, than that paganism should die or Christianity wane? Ever we tend from the determinate, ever lean more closely toward the ab-

stract. Arts incapable by reason of their nature, of meeting changed conditions, and of expressing the new life and the new vision, must be thrown to the drift and wreckage of the past. Despite that glorious spirit who dreamed in line and sculptured in fresco, and caught from heaven for Roman eyes the panoply of a then triumphant faith, the day was over and night was at hand.

The ancients, and the moderns who sprang up in the old fields like grain long after the harvest was garnered, instead of beholding nature blazing like a jewel, and man moving in the splendor, applied the well-worn scale, and saw angles, curves and pyramids. They looked from man to nature, and not from nature to man, and as a result saw detail of line and not mass of color. The first attempts at landscape showed the falseness of it all. Color was reached through shape, whereas in nature, shape is reached through color, and in the loftier phases color exists without sense of it. By color alone can the sensualness be realized essential to art. Away with the cant that teaches abhorrence of it. This world is not better nor more delightful to the spirit than to the flesh. That we might be eternally

fresh and virile, and daily quaff to the dregs the richness of it, that we might like nature be ever new, ever rejuvenated, ever at full throb and beat! Through the gate of the sensual leads the way to paradise. There are some who would believe that the white chaste lily is not rooted in and does not draw its sustenance from the reeking soil. The feeling of the recent ages and of this, and those impending, at once keenly alive to the physical and its wholesomeness, and to the abstract and the subjective, is too subtle and elusive to be sufficiently incarnated in line. The profound and intimate correspondence between soul and matter, the depth and boundlessness that we know is about us, the vague up-merging of other worlds upon our ken--- sensations of these are more fully released and suggested by a medium, limitless as the sea and sky, loose and free as the air, and bright as the sun.

To feel, to imagine, to manifest spirit, are but the ordinary groundwork of existence, and in their common apparel, no more to be thought of than the passing day. If we are to arrive at the qualities that give them distinction and pre-eminence, well-springs as

deeply buried in obscurity as most origins, must be looked into. Not color of skin, nor form of nose, nor texture of hair, nor height of stature, is further to seek or more indicative, than color, form, texture and make-up of bowl, of weapon, of banner and of temple. Out of dark forests, deserts, fertile valleys, mountains, plains, lands of gloom and sparkling sea-girt isles, evolved mythologies, religions, commerces, domestic rites, and statecrafts as inevitably autochthanous as the minerals in the earth, and the vegetation on its surface. He who considers art superficial, of the outer and superflous, and not of the blood that invigorates and the thought that dominates, has but to survey and in some degree comprehend the past. If when out of mists he perceives this world, seaed and continented and tremulous in light, and traces the zones from band to band, perceives the nations going up and down and each growing unto itself and putting on laws, practices, customs, fit and peculiar, perceives cities here and tents there, forests destroyed and fields planted, and again forests untouched but roamed in and habited, follows caravans beyond the curtains of the known and sails in ships be-

yond the verge, sallies out with armies, hears the shouts of victory and the moans of defeat, witnesses dynasties crumbling and new lords crowned, perceives men flee from their families as from the plague and taking up abodes in caves and desert places, or bowing to the sun, or in great chariots crushing the blood out of victims like wine from grapes,--- if when the panorama moves before him, from squalor to splendor, or it may be in squalor still, he may gauge the aspirations and the follies that made or undid each several throng, he may with equal ease discern the arts, for they will be upon the peoples even as the garments that they wear. In scroll and lyre and standard he may read. And he cannot fail to discover out of the thick and motley of it, how day by day, and how from place to place, hand wrought for mind, the one fashioning what the other devised, how closely they accorded and twined about each other, the strength of one being the support of the other; nor can he help but discover too, that that which was esteemed the most, whether song or sword, was ever the most adorned.

For the reason that the range of art is the

BIRGE HARRISON
Winter

range of life, and the history of it the history of mankind, perspective, composition and coloring are not more important in its production, than are the perspective, composition and coloring, that lie beneath and behind it, for its understanding. We look too narrowly at a part, even if it be compound and residue of all. Those generous and luminous intellects of science, do not gather truths by peeping through their fingers, nor are lasting philosophies founded on segments and extracts. In our enthusiasm we are not to overlook that art is but parcel, and takes its course and conduct from the general trend; and that however lovely we may find it, it is but image and shadow of deeper and wider lovelinesses. As nature reared her mountains, extended her plains, planted her forests and blighted out her deserts, giving unto each their peculiar attributes, so with like marvelousness and as inexplicably, she endowed the races doomed or privileged to dwell in them. By one way and another, in the fullness of time, the salient characteristics assumed place and power. Life and death, the stormy passages, and the tranquil interludes, were common to all, but they spelled the mysteries

with foreign tongues, saw with different eyes, and heard with different ears. Like walled gardens they grew, warmed by the same sun, nourished by the same rain, but true to their seeding; and if by chance some friendly wind brought a fragrance from afar, it was only to make more delightful the accustomed perfume. The mandarin in Cathay, swathed in the web he had spun about himself, and the Judean slave, entangled in the mesh of his own invention, were not farther removed in distance, than were their canons of law and taste, and the heavens that beckoned them, in character and composition. From prayer to battle array they surged divergent; and from their underworlds no song arose that was not cadenced and in tune with them.

What therefore do we intend to express, when we speak of depth of feeling, of power of imagination, and of purity of spirit, of the superlative, and truly great and noble in art? Depth in what respect, power in what direction, and purity to what purpose?

If we are to arrive at the value of means, we must consider the end. What are those measuring cups that forever await the filling? From this, the furtherest point of time I

cannot help but see, like dimming stars in the night, those who too have struggled toward the ultimate urn, only to lose the way. But if we be circumscribed about, and tethered to a little plot, and shall never take the view beyond, we may at least turn our straining eyes toward where we feel the dawn will break. Of consummations, certainly those we hold, or believe that we possess, and not those which elude us, will control. Disguise it as we may, and the attempt were idle, it cannot be doubted that the goal of every mortal is some form of pleasure. Never a war, nor a peace, nor a religion, nor a government, nor a power, nor a wealth, nor a learning, never a thing high or low, that did not in somewise pend upon it, and as for love, it nestles in its folds. Always we desire, and pleasure is fulfillment. Beauty and truth came into the world, not separate and apart and of themselves, but to make more pleasurable all pleasure-giving things. For the essential principle of beauty is neither more nor less, than an accordance with our ideal of the delightful, and the essential principle of artistic truth, the gratification of our notion of verity. It could not be that elements so

potent would long remain auxiliary, and times innumerable, beauty and truth have been sought as ends of themselves, just as religion and power and wealth and learning and love have been sought. In this was illusion and misconception, for beauty is always of, or belonging to, something else, never of itself alone; and truth is but the gauge and dimension of mightier things.

The business of this life of necessity lies deeper than the gloss and polish of it. They injure art who claim for it more than a brightening of the flame. Surely the games at Elis were more to the Greeks that the statues of victors, the teachings of Osiris more to the Egyptians, than all the colossi and sphinxes that stare with stony eyes across the eternal river. From the morning of the world, joy has been more than song, victory than the pageantry of triumph, religion than all its glorious trappings. The pot was ever before the vase, the passion before the poem. The origin of art is use, and its test is usableness. The art that does not further something already of value is worthless. In some parts of the world by reason of climate, lack of natural endowment, or other untoward cause,

art paused with the physical, but in more favored regions it entered the altitudes of the soul. But if its robes were more celestial, its office was the same. There can be little difference in kind between the ornament on an Etheopian warrior's shield, the figures on an Etruscan tomb, and a transfiguration of the Renaissance; but merely the application of a use to widening needs. As the subject mounts, as it takes on preciousness and is exalted in nobler manner, as it cleaves more into the core and fibre of us, art too spreads her wings and takes her supremer flights.

Subject is the vitalest thing in art. By subject is not meant the material objects set forth, faces or figures, knickknacks of still life, inanities of interiors, heaven piercing mountains or loud resounding seas, but those things upon which peoples feed and grow and attain, those things which to them, more than all else, are excellent and desirable. It lies beyond the mere exercise of sight, the mere largeness or grandeur of treatment, and has to do with heart-beats and agitations of soul. Better a work, mediocre in beauty and in truth, on an important subject, than a work great in beauty and in truth---if this may be---

on a trivial one. For of what avail is beauty, of what virility truth, if they be bound to the inconsequent? What subjects shall be regarded as capital by a people, is matter of experience, environment, temperament, character, and other causes, but once ascertained, then depth of feeling is the most penetrating sense of them, power of imagination their fullest burgeoning and loftiest carrying out, and purity of spirit, the elimination from them of all dross.

To contend that modern man is further removed from nature than his ancestry, is to maintain that increase of knowledge and freer communion have worked estrangement. This, as between men themselves, is fallacy; as between men and nature, condemnation. Of what poor stuff are we, if having so mighty a theme, we progress but to forsake and disdain? It may be, that the disturbed and puzzled Thales, and the groping giants of following times, in their search for that essence out of which is all things, felt the force and majesty of truths they could not unravel; but always they looked, as from a vantage upon a spectacle. Fire, water, air, were about them, even of their composition, and of what they

called "soul"; but there was no thought of passage of the elements in them to the outer elements, no thought of the fusing, or distilling or dissolving of themselves in life, into and with the mother flame, or the universal sea, or the never-ending air; but an isolation was preserved,---of like within like---an inviolate inner presence. As exact knowledge grew and beacon-like flashed higher, and it became apparent, that laws were not less comprehensive than immutable, it was not past belief, that men as well as star dust swirled in indissoluble oneness. The emotions in their dim and flickering realm, not alone perceived the brightening central glow and in the spreading radius, wandered into deeper and remoter shadows, but long before the intellect would award it, found true relationship in what before had been regarded as only a sameness. How delightful must have been those first wild, shy venturings, those reconnoissances, amid scenes that had once been strange, but which now took on a singular consanguinity? For long we have known that this body of ours is more than a swaddle, that however fleeting our stay, it is more than an abode; but where about us shall we

draw the circle, even to this day, and declare: this is I, and this is not I? Not that heart or mood, or any of the identities of us, is aught but our own; but as they find lodgment in the body, and partake of their habitation, and it is nature's and as much so as any part of her, what then in reality is the diameter and where the circumference of us? Are we like the rocks, crusted about and inescapably confined, or like suns shooting their rays through a universe? Is there not a transmigration, temporary as are all our goings, a transmigration not of death but of life, a moving forth of us outside of set bounds, so that in truth we are citizens of nature's world, and not of one principality, and too, that the particular qualities which give us a constitution and proclaim us peculiar to ourselves, are never lost, but remain to the end significant of us, and not of the place where we may be? The recognition, that nature now, in this our daily life, is not external; that mountain, sea and sky are not now severed from us by an impassable barrier; that everything whatsoever is bound to us and we to it, with living cords, whatever we may return to, or be, or become after death, or were before our birth, and

that wherever intellect may soar or emotion pervade, there are we in the fullness and power of individuality, is something not conceived of, or if conceived not allowed, by the older dogmatists, whether of the Mediterranean's shores or Asia's desert plains.

Not that landscape is new, an improvisation of these latter days. The subject of it is as old as humanity. He who wrote of a world in making, holds before our eyes, not only a firmament shot with lights, oceans in their mists, and earth mantling with verdure, but also something incomparably more excellent:

> "And the Spirit of God moved upon
> the face of the waters."

They too, who heard the morning stars sing together, and the heavens and the mountains break forth in joy, cast their invisible selves into earth and sky and swung with the revolving spheres. Have not men always lived outside of themselves, and found their being, not in a point, but in the range of their comprehension? Those millions who have run their span, hunters, shepherds, husbandmen, merchants, soldiers, scholars, statesmen, all men, everywhere, have they not felt, be it

more or less, the rough cuffings and careless maulings of nature, and her most voluptuous enticements, and at the same time, and as if superimposed upon the physical, terror or joy or desolation or magnificance, qualities which, whether recognized or not, were indubitably human? If in their peregrinations they have fallen upon certain attributes of matter, and all unknowing endowed and clothed them with properties and habiliments of their own, mistaking in this wise the whole, surely this is evidence, not of lack of knowledge of the existence of a thing, but only of discernment respecting it. Hardly would it be argued that the law of gravitation is new, because we have lately come to a clearer understanding of it.

But how long is the way, how tedious our meanderings! Who may compass the arc from dust to dust, from that primal garden, to this our garden of the world? From our earliest look into nature's eyes, how interminable the period, to a knowledge of her heart? Grass, flowers, trees, spread their roots, sprang into the light, and availed themselves of every richness; beasts in sea and on land, took utmost measure of well-being;

earth, air and sky knew completion with creation; but such is the way with us, that we come to our own tardily, and from sheer inability to assimilate, are put to make-shifts the most pitiable. How long was it after the impulse to sing before there was a song (with birds singing everywhere), how long after the impulse to paint, before there was a picture (with every plain and hill and wood hung with them)? With what incalculable difficulty does a people fabricate, with what labor deliver themselves; and once they have an art, how prodigious are the loads they heap upon it, and through what diverse ways do they drive it? Arts, one and all, are but divagations of the ancient stem of words. In words man first fared outward, with them first came to grip with the finite. His most intimate coinage, they were currency in every commerce. In them he clothed the Pleiades, and with them paid his rent. Here, statue, picture and music found vesture before there was thought of stone, or brush or instrument, and from the common motherhood inherited common strains. Sculpture was transmutation into concreter shape, painting into that same shape with color more pronounced, and music into

both shape and color, and measured sound. But these things were more than words: a language, they were new-voiced; fruits, they were transcendent. They were a laying hold and taking up of actual shapes, colors and sounds in lieu of indicia; chords that trembled, where the old were inarticulate or mute. As with leading strings nature was drawing us closer to her. From image in clay, to that of wood, stone, bronze, marble, from design of crossed sticks to delineation in line and color, from rude sound to rhythm and melody, in it all we were accepting the invitation to come forth of ourselves, and join the universal throng. But the way was beset and encompassed about. Meanings were to be arrived at and placed in becoming apparel. There was none to remember the fashioning of words, nor how they came to their attributions. Thought and word appeared twinborn, when they were centuries apart. It was all very well for the poet to sing and send out his words like doves to their homing, but who was there to put love in a look, or hate in a gesture, to tie sentiment to a smile or fix mood on a brow? And then, after some fair command, came a time

as amazing as any in the evolution of art. With a poetry like some bright spirit greeting the dawn, or flitting down forest isles, or riding the storm, or venturing into those dim and melancholy tracts where night holds sway; with a painting raised to such perfection, that emotion was free as an angel in its flight, man set himself amidst accessories, stiff, foreign and removed. In those pictures where hill or lake or grotto was to be found, as with a knife you might separate the living figure from the dead nature. That man in poetry, should course through nature's veins, that he should so depict his carnal frame that soul reached soul, and at the same time, and for so long a stretch, surround himself with the strange and alien apparitions that back and sometimes fill the older pictures, is not less matter of wonderment, than mortification. But so it is; we approach, only to falter at the door.

For the western world the door opened full on the Adriatic. In that islanded city, poised between sea and sky, wedded none the less securely to heaven because in love with earth, in that city where lagoon, palace and cloud were invested with an atmosphere ten-

der and sensuous as mother-of-pearl, and as ethereal as the blues of star heraldings, in that city of wealth of living, and from whose every window enchantment piled on enchantment, where magnificence of color overwhelmed form, and emotion swelled in mastery, where the whole splendid scheme was of a piece, and abstract and concrete, thought and actuality, blended and interfused one with the other, graphic landscape, as we understand it, first came into being.

We have to consider then, the way we have come, the valleys we have tarried in, and the rough hills we have climbed, for more than the artist is required for art. They who argue that subject is of little consequence, and manner more than component, appear to forget the place of art. As art never has ruled the world, but like some joyous captive followed the conqueror, scarcely may it create or ordain subjects of its own. Life is the sower and the reaper, and art but a helper at the harvest. Is it to be believed that men, aside from the struggle for preferment and subsistence, benighted as to their past, enamored of the present, and tormented over the future, looking covetously here and longingly there, have inclination for aught

but that which nearly concerns them? will place value on that which will not purchase entrance into houses of desire? Who sets the pace but the runners, and the prize, who dictates that? Peoples proclaim subjects; the arts but illustrate and adorn them. We are the children of many fathers, the heritors of fortunes innumerable. We reach into the past like a stream into the mountains, made of a thousand springs. For us are the poets and prophets of Israel; the round-limbed Greek with soil of earth in his hands, and divinity in his eyes; the isolated and gloomy Egyptian, deifying a beetle and comrading with death; Gotama under the shade of a tree, and Christ in a manger, Nirwana and life everlasting; the fetishism of the Etruscan, the sunworship of the Persian, the lasciviousness of the Mohammedan, and the asceticism of the hermits and cenobites of the Thebaid; the sottish grounding and blind credulity of the Middle Ages, and the return of the Renaissance, glad and glorious, like a spring after many winters; for us all the voices of long perished multitudes, the ornamentations that like lamps brightened and eased the path, the lovely twilights of spirit that still glow

about us, and the wonderments of this world. Out of the abundance, in part freely and in part whether we would or not, we have chosen; out of confusion and contrariety shaped our creed. In love with earth as never before, floating out upon it and losing ourselves as clouds are lost in the sky, growing out of rocks and loam with trees, and with them mouldering back again, leaping with the sunbeams and vanishing with them, gliding down streams to unfathomed gulfs, immersing in them and by them absorbed, peering into caverns fearsome and terrible, and coalescing with the darkness, we still and at the same time with it all, carry in our breasts the radiant hope, that while we are creatures of time, we are also, "nurslings of immortality." Many natures have but magnified Her, many gods but glorified Him; by this we swear; but although we have merged with land and water, and claim kinship with the Almighty, in sober reality, the essence that is you and me, will it pass like the flame that is blown? Our place here, and whither and what? this bright fair wood of throstle and brook, and those perilous ultimate seas? Our lips are still praying, our eyes still searching,

ERNEST LAWSON
The Further Heights

as lips and eyes have always prayed and searched. Closer to the heart, are the throbs less inscrutable? full length on earth are the trembles less mysterious? Are not our profounder thoughts as of old, differing most between now and then, in a falling away of overweeningness, and a recognition of wider brotherhood? In the midst of ocean, in the broad and starry sky, in the light of the sun, the uplift of mountains and the sweep of plains, we have discovered ourselves, found likenesses, not of feature or stature, but of properties and constituents. In space and color it is possible to find keen delightfulness of existence, a satisfaction of our inordinate craving, and an approach to the insoluble. We look, not on a man, nor set of men, isolated and confined, but with all the eyes that have ever opened in our past, and upon all that they have ever seen, upon one strong, perpetual, all-pervading life, and our so strange part throughout it. The portrayal, in nature's garb, of what we see and feel, is landscape. It comes in a hundred ways, joy, peace, splendor, desolation, vastness, fear, mystery, an unutterable vagueness, silence, elegance, grace, hope, adoration, power, long-

ing, ominousness, and a certain inexorableness, sublimity, aspiration,---the perturbations, strivings and exaltations of the individual in touch with the universal and omnipotent.

"O more than Moon!
Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere,
Weep me not dead in thine arms, but forbear,
To teach the sea what it may do too soon."

To us, then, depth of feeling in landscape is the lively realization, and as viewed in the spectroscope of our peculiar experience, of nature's aspects, meanings and imports; of certain simple and fundamental emotions, some of which have been mentioned, and of their participation and relationship with them; the furtherest reaching beyond the frontier of that country where earth and sea and man, appear as one; power of imagination is the fitting incarnation of things seen and unseen, the organization and arrangement of them, the marshalling of the forces of the two worlds, and the driving of them in full array across the sky of the mind; and purity of spirit is the delicate investiture of the clear light or luminousness, that seems at once, the soul of nature and of man.

But, notwithstanding what has been said of the material world, and of those faculties of the mind I have so often referred to, and the attendants that await upon both, it is only in their proper combination that they are of moment. Earth, air and light are but scenes, and feeling, fancy and spirit, a company of players. For the performance, all must be got in place, perked up and set in unison. Not only is there necessity for so arranging the scenes that they will agree, one with another, and of so adjusting the players among themselves that they shall harmonize, but there is the necessity, of weightier account, of managing the whole in such fashion, that the peculiarities of scenes and actors, while singular enough, will, in a sense be lost sight of, and the entirety gives aspects and qualities, not attachable to any of the consistencies, but belonging to the totality. Here, in the focus of united presentment, the final agreement of part with part, and of part with whole, lies the unfolding volume. Viewed in a cursory way, it may seem that the employment of the units is more matter of accomplishment than of substance, but I do not so regard it, for landscape is neither nature nor man, but a result

produced by their union. Were they numbered one and two respectively, we might number three something composed of both, and yet of a distinct individuality. It was only the other day there befell an occurrence, which so satisfactorily expresses what is in my mind, that I can do no better than speak of it. I sat on the slope of a high mountain, and at a place of such loftiness, that the oaks and pines grew together. Before me, miles away, lay a barren valley, wide and long and almost flat, broken with sand washes, and variegated with clumps of mesquite and creosote bush, and groves of giant cactus. On my left, somewhat advanced, and forming the head of the valley, a solitary peak towered above the timber of a cross range, and directly in front of me, across the valley, and at a great distance, range soared above range and peak above peak. At my right, and westwardly the valley broadened, and was lost in a mountainous horizon. It was about half past eight of a summer evening, the heat of the day had been intense, and no rain had fallen for months. As if by some conjuration, the structure that was earth and sky began to lose its stability and fixed design, and there

did not appear to be any sky nor any earth. Apparently coming from nowhere, for the sun was gone, omnipresent, filling the bowl before me, and that other bowl above, disintegrating and dissolving the ranges, blurring out the floor of the valley, and bringing down in falling clouds of richness the far reaches of the sky, was a crimsoned, wine-tinctured candescence, all warm and permeable and translucent, a splendid roseate gloom---the desert afterglow. I appeared to be in the midst of it, and far sunk, as in a sea. Into those profound depths I gazed, rapt with a mystery and beauty inexplicable; and then, as if no longer clogged and bound, and with no thought, but only a longing, I ventured forth upon, and into that intangible brightness, and wandered there, light and free, oblivious of all vexed and fretful things, and with a great joy throughout me, and ever mounting and exulting, like one,

"endowed
With deathless life, that knows no touch of age."

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